Notary Public

I write up and acknowledge your

Deeds, Chattel Mortgages for any
form of legal paper, with accuracy
and promptness. Notary and promptness. OKLAHOMA.

WILLIAM TEOUINN Deputy District Clerk contest not'ces for Beaver county

OKLAHOMA ALBERT WELLBORN Lawyer.

Office with Bank of Beaver City. Wil practice in all the courts-County Territorial and Federal. BEAVER - OKLAHOMA

VETERINARIAN,

F. P. Madison

BEAVER, OKLA L. S. MUNSELL, M. D Physician and Surgeon also OPTICIAN AND OCULIST

If in need of spectacles have your eyes-tested scientifically and patronize home. BEAVER, GRLAHOMA

R. H. LOGEBOURROW

Lawyer, Practices in all wourts and before U. S. Land Office. BEAVER, - 18

DEAN & LAUNE

Lawyers. Practice in all Territorial Courts and WOODWARD, OKLA

H. E. HOOVER, CHAS. SWINDALL. Woodward, Okla HOOVER & SWINDALL. Lawyers.

General practice in the District and Federal Courts of Texas and Oklahoma and before the land office and Department of the Interior.

Chas. R. Alexander. ALEXANDER & HAYES

Lawyers. Practice in all courts and United States Land Office in Woodward, Ok

BRIGGS & WYBRANT

Land Attorneys, Lawyers. 1st door east of Land Office.

WOODWARD - OKLAHOMA Donded Abstracter,

FRED C. TRACY. BEAVER, - · OKLAHOMA

J. W. THARP, M. D. Scientific Physician.

BEAVER, OKLA. DR. ROY W. MARTIN.

Physician and Surgeon. BEAVER, OKLA.

Calls answered promptly day or night. R. WRIGHT,

Us (County Attorney.) Attorney-At-Law

Liberal, Kansas, or Beaver, Oklahoma

DR. A. J. SANDS, Does a General Practice

in Medicine and Surgery Residence, 15 5 26-three miles S. W. of "G" ranch, Zelma, P. O.

C. W. HEROD, Attorney and Coun-

selor at Law.

Land Practice a Specialty. Woodward, Oklahoma

CLYDE H. WYAND,

Attorney-At-Law.

Land Office Business a Specialty. WOODWARD, . OKLAHOMA.

H. D. MEESE,

Probate Judge.

I attend to all kinds of Land work.

GEO. H. HEALY. Land Scrip for Sale.

Counsel in Land and Mortgage Cases RIVERSIDE, OKLA.

ALEXANDER & HDALY, Woodward, Oklahoma

The Ward of King Canute A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Lief the Lucky.

CHAPTER V .- Continued. For such a stroke there was no Canute threw his shield be-

fore him, but the blade cleft wood and ron and golden plating like parchment, and falling on the horse's neck, bit it to the bone. Rearing and plunging with pain, the animal crashed into those behind him, missed his footing and fell, entangling his rider in the trappings. Bending over him, the ironside struck again.

But the son of Lodbrok had still his left arm. Bearing his shield, it shot out over the body of his king. The falling brand bit this screen also, and lopped off the hand that held it, but the respite was sufficient. In a flash Canute was on his feet, both hands grasping the hilt of his highflung sword.

It was a mighty blow, but it fell harmless. A sudden surge in the tide of struggling bodies swept the Ironsides out of reach and engulfed him in a whirlpool of Danish swords. He laid about him like mad, and was like to have cleared a passage back, when a second wave carried him completely from view.

Canute cursed at the anxious faces that surrounded him. "What means it, this swaying? Who are flying?" "The English!" bellowed Rothgar "The English are flying-Edmund's

head! Yonder!" Frode's daughter had Viking blood, but she hid her face with a cry. There it was, high upon a spear-point, dripping, ghastly. Could the sun shine upon such a thing?

To stare before him, Rothgar let the blood pour unheeded from his wounded arm. "Yonder Edmund rides now!" he gasped. "You can tell him by his size-

They reached the wood at last, cool and sweet, and hughed in hely peace. The frantic horse plunged into one of the arching lanes, and the dir of the hunt dies behind her; silence fell like a curtain at their heels; even the thudding hoof-beats were softened on the leafy ground. Randalin lay along the horse's neck now, and her senses had begun to slip away from her like the tide from the shore. Somewhere, there was the soft thud of a falling body; then the cool greenness closed around her and held her tenderly, a crumped leaf that the whirlwind had dropped from its sport.

CHAPTER VI.

Taken Captive. Lying drowned in cool silence, the girl came slowly to a consciousness that someone was stooping over her. Raising her heavy lids, her eyes rested on a man's face, showing dimly in the dusk of the starlightt.

He said in English, "Canute's page by the Saints! Were I a Pagan Dane. I would run my sword through him But I am a Christian Englishmer, Let him lie. He will bleed his life out before morning."

While the warrior was turning, a new voice spoke.

"Canute's page?" it repeated after some unseen informant. "Is he dead?" It was a young voice, and deep and soft, for all the note of quiet authority ringing through it. Randalin's eyes rose dreamily to find the owner. Above the black hedge, the square strength of his shoulders and the graceful lines of his helmed head were silhouetted sharply against the starry sky. Why had they so familiar a look? Yonder! Now he is Ah! the noble who had followed Ed-



Nor was he mistaker; within spearthrow the mighty frame of the Ironside towered above his struggling guard. As he bared his head, they could even distinguish his face with its large elegantly-formed features and Ethelred's prominent chin. Brandishing his sword, shouting words of reassurance, exposing his person without a thought of the darts aimed at him, he was making a heroic effort to check the rush of his panic-stricken

Randalin stared about her, doubting her senses. But light had begun to dawn on Canute. He wheeled sharply, as Thorkel pushed his horse to their

"Whose head was that?" he demanded.

Thorkel's face was a lineless mask. "I believe his name was Osmaer," he answered without emotion. "It was unheard-of good fortune that he should be so like Edmund in looks."

The young king's face was suffused with bitterness. "Good fortune! he cried sharply. "Good fortune! Am I a fool or a coward that I am never to win except by craft or good fortune? Had you let me alone-'

But what else he said Randalin never knew. Some unseen obstacle turned in their direction the stream of rushing horsemen. In an instant the torrent had caught them in its whirling eddies, and they were so many separate atoms borne along on the flood. To hold back was to be thrown down; to fall was to be trampled into The battle had changed into a

Thundering hoof-beats, crashing blows, shricks and groans and falling bodies-a sense of being caught in a wolf pack took possession of the girl; and the feeling grew with every sidelong glance she had of the savage, sweating, dust-grimed faces, in their jungles of blood-clotted hair. The battle-madness was upon them, and they were no longer men, but beasts of prey. Amid the chaos of her mind, a new idea shaped itself like a new world. If she could but work her way to the edge of the herd, she might escape down one of those green aisles opening before them.

A little opening showed on her right. Though she could not see the ground before her, she took the risk and swung her horse late the breach. His forefeet came down upon the body of a fallen man, but it was too late to draw back. The man turned over with a yell, and used his one unbroken arm to thrust upward his broken sword. The blade cut her leg to the bone. and she shricked with pain; but her startled horse had no thought of stopping. Making his way with plunges and leaps, he carried her out of the press sooner than she could have guided him out. Once on the edge, he broke into a run." The agony of the shaken wound was unbearable. Shrieking and moaning, she twisted her hands in the lines and tried to stop him. But her strength was ebbing from her with her blood. By and by she dropped the rein altogether and clung to the saddle-bow.

A sound on the soft turf told that the horseman had alighted. bantling is of too good quality to leave," he said good-naturedly. "Catch my bridle, Oswin. Where is she wounded?"

He made a quick step toward her, then paused as suddenly, his chin thrust out in listening. A gesture of his hand imposed a sudden silence, through which the sound became distinct to all ears-a trampling and crashing in the brush beyond the moonlit open. As they wheeled to face it, a shout came from that direc-

"What ho! Does the Lord of Ivarsdale go there?"

He whom they had called the Etheling drew himself up alertly. "I make no answer to hedge-creepers." he said. "Come out where you can be seen."

"I am the messenger of Edric of Mercia. Misgreet me not. Before cockcrow we shall be sworn brothers. I bear a message to King Edmund." The Etheling's anger leaped out like

a flame; even in the starlight it could be seen how his face crimsoned. "No, as God lives!" he answered "It is not to Edmund alone

that the Gainer is loathful. Should be pass the King's sword, a hundred blades wait for him, mine among them. Seek what he may seek, he shall not have peace of us. Take you self out of reach if you would not be sped with arrows."

A jeering laugh was the only answer but the tramping of hoofs suggested that his advice was being taken.

When the sound had faded quite away, the Lord of Ivarsdale breathed out the rest of his resentment in a hearty imprecation, and, turning, came on his patient. With a touch as gentle as it was strong, he put aside her resisting hands and began swiftly to cut away the blood-stiffened hose. Darkness closed around Randalin again, darkness shot with zigzag lightnings of pain, and throbbing with piti-

ful moans. She came to herself to find that soldiers were lifting her up to the horseman, where he sat again in his saddle. She recognized the squareness of his shoulders; and she knew the gentleness of his touch as he slipped his free arm around her and drew her carefully into place, making of his stalwart body a support for her weakness. No strength was in her to struggle against him; only her wide bright eyes sought his, with the terror of a snared bird.

Meeting the look and understanding a small part of its question, be said in a reassuring word in his pleasant lowpitched voice: "Be of good cheer youngling; there is no thought of eat ing you. I will bring you to a cup of wine before moonrise, if you hold

It is doubtful if the girl so much as heard him. Her eyes were passing from feature to feature of his face, as the stars revealed it above her-from the broad, comely brow to the square young chin, from the clean-cut finetempered mouth to the clear, true

One by one she noted them, and shade by shade her strained look of fear relaxed. With eyes still turned up toward his face, her lids drooped and fell; and her head sank upon his breast and lay there, in the peace of perfect faith.

Tap-tap-tap-tap, like water dripping slowly. Drop by drop the sout d filtered through the thick wrappings of Randalin's slumber, till she knew it for the beat of horses' hoofs, and stirred and opened her eyes.

The silver shimmer of starlight falling through purple deeps had given way to the ruddy glare of a camp fire, and she was lying just beyond its heat, cloak-wrapped, on a bed of leaves. Above her, interlacing beech boughs made an arching roof, under which the shadows clustered as swallows under eaves. Within the sylvan alcove, some four-score battle-stained warriors were taking their ease after a hard day. Through the fog of her drowsiness Randalin recognized them slowly. Yonder was the Englishman who had found her in the bushes. Beyond him, across the firs, the soldiers who had lifted her up to the horseman. Here, just in front of her, was the leader himself. Her gaze settled upon him dreamily.

He had finished his meal, if meal it could be called, and was making some attempt at tollet. His captive's eyes were not the only ones upon him, and he was laughing a little at the comments his performance drew forth from three old cnihts lounging near

"These are soft days, comrades, The last time I followed the old chief, of honored memory, we held our warcouncil standing knee-deep in a fen. We had neither eaten nor drank for two days, and three days' blood was

on our hands." The young chief took it with care-

less good humor. "When you leave off eating, in memory of that brave time, I will leave of washing," he returned. "I tell you, nothing but a warrior's life becomes ethel-born men, nor sluggishness nor junketings, but day under fire and nights among the Wise Men of council. By Saint Mary, I feel that I have never lived before! One week at the heels of Edmund Ironside is worth a lifetime under the banner of any other king.

A pause met his warmth somewhat coudly; and the warrior who broke the silence lowered his voice to do it.

(To be continued.) NOT EQUAL TO POSITION.

'Groom of the Feather Cloak" Fell from Grace.

When King Kalakaua of Hawail visited Japan twenty years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it. William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney-general, says: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard, 'groom of the The visions of our glorious youth ther cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suite had sud-

denly seen Robert, sitting in state in the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous roxal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him, lost in admiration." But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them, and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bed chamber, with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feath-

A Financial Case. "He was a small boy," said the

clerk in a down town bank, telling the story, "but he was trying to learn. "How do you get money on checks, please?' he asked the biggest bank porter who stood outside the parti-

"'Why, you just write your name on the back and give them to that fellow over there,' expounded the porter, indicating the paying teller.

"The youngster solemnly scrawled his name on the back of a dozen checks and took them over to the paying teller's window. They were checks drawn by that boy's father and two other male relatives in favor of different people, and the youngster was much chagrined when he didn't get the money.

"'I was going to take it and run away to sea,' he told us afterward, ingenuously."

Carried Away Their Dinners. John Barrymore was missing when

the "half-hour call" was given at a New York theater the other evening. As time drew on for the rise of the curtain, the stage manager grew nervous, for in "The Dictator" Mr. Barrymore is first on the stage. When he did appear, carrying a parcel done up in a napkin, he told how it happened. Ethel and I went to Sound-so's the dinner," he said. "The thick-headed Dutchman that waited on us was slow, and just as we were leaving in he came with the steak. I gave Ethel half, and brought the rest with me" And, opening his parcel, he showed half a sirioin steak and a couple of baked potatoes, which he proceeded to eat while he was dressing. Miss Barrymore at another city theater is supposed to have eaten her dinner in the same unconventional fashion.

Python on the "Nest"

At the zoological gardens, Manchester, England, a python laid fifty eggs over the heat inlet of her cage and is now incubating, being colled about them. The eggs, which are shell-less, are about the size of a turker's are about the size of a turkey's, are dirty white in color and in texture

A GOLD-LINED DEATH VALLEY.

Philippine Waste, Guarded by Death

Dealing Gases. There is a Death valley in the Philippines as well as in the United States. It is situated in the island of Mindanao and although for many years it has been known to contain arge quantities of gold the treasure has been lying unclaimed because of the refusal of the natives to go after

At last this famed and feared valley has been compelled to give up the rich treasure which for ages it has successfully guarded by its pall of death-dealing gases. This valley, which true to its name, has dealt death to many a venturesome searcher for the precious metal, is located in the mountain fastnesses of the Island and according to the theories of the scientists it is the crater of what was once a great and violent volcano. Volcanic gases of a most polsonous nature still rise from the depths of the valley and hang over it like a pall, never passing away, and many natives who have attempted to go down into the valley from the mountains say that never before has any man who ventured into its unknown depths returned to tell of its secrets. The distance across the valley is only a few miles, but the bottom of it is constant ly concealed from view by the dense cloud of poisonous vapor overhanging

EARLY LESSON IN THRIFT.

Brooklyn Men Even Take Their Babies to Bank.

The other day a man entered a Brooklyn bank carrying in one hand a deposit book and closely clasped in his other arm was a baby that was perhaps ten or twelve months old. The age may not be exact, but at any rate the young one was old enough to sit up and look around, as if it was consciously taking in the sights and

sounds of a new world. Going up to one of those projecting shelves which are placed against the walls in some banks for the convenlence of patrons who prefer to stand up while writing, the man placed the baby on the sloping surface, and as a precaution against sliding off, which it showed every indication of doing, the man put a brake against the threatened movement of the mass of baby draperies by placing his arm in front of the baby.

Then he proceeded to fill out a deposit check, and when that was accomplished he again took the baby in his arm, and, going up to the teller's window, handed in his book, and when the entry had been made he received the book again, and, placing it in his pocket, walked out of the bank, the baby still staring everybody out of countenance with the utmost cool-

Children Still.

Ne seek no more a daily prize,
Nor triumph in our dreams.
So changed the luster of the skies,
So faint and few the gleams.
Yet comes anew, when others play,
That unforgotten thrill,
And are we dull and old to-day,
Or only children still?

We loved the battle once, but now We loved the battle chee, but how
We are not overbold.
There's wisdom on the weary brow,
And in our hearts the cold.
Yet in the light of enger eyes
We lose the wintry chili.
And then we are not overwise,
But simple children still.

Have faded long ago;
We hope no more to find the truth,
And should we care to know?
Not ours to scale the viewiess height,
But there's a purple hill,
And still we gladden at the sight
And climb as children still.

How much of all the good we planned
Is perfect or begun?
Who watched the lifting of God's hand,
And waits for his "well done"?
But when the children whom we love
The good we missed fulfill.
Thank God our hearts prevail to prove
The hearts of children still.
Hugh Macnaughton, in London Saturday Review.

France and Old-Age Pensions. The British consul at Calais tells, in his annual report, of an effort to deal with old-age pensions. Twentythree years ago M. Chatelus formed a society, the rules of membership being a monthly payment of a franc, all the funds to be invested, and at the end of twenty years the interest on capital to be equally divided among members, and in each succeeding year those who had been members for twenty years to receive their equal share of this interest. The present rate of pension is £14 8s. per year.

951, with a capital of over a million and a half pounds.-London Answers.

The membership now stands at 347,-

Brotherly Criticism. Zoltan Doehme, Mme, Nordica's husband, has an amusing way of putting things. On one occasion he was speaking of the vocalization of the wellknown singer Van Dyck, and professional leniency vanished in the critical sarcasm: "With mos' tenors, they sing along a false note, an' you say, 'Oh!' [Mr. Doehme frowned and winced.] But with Mr. Van Deeck he sing along, an' sing along, an' once in a while he strike a true note, an' you say, 'Oh!'" And Mr. Doehme's smile of pleased surprise called forth a round of laughter.

Denounces Khaki Uniforms. Mayor Jameson said in the British parliament the other day that the sudden resort to khaki uniforms was "senseless craze." Because the Boers wore khaki and slouch hats the whole army was slapped into similar costume. If the Zulus had beaten it, the army would have gone about in feathers and paint. Three streaks of paint and an ostrich feather would have been the uniform of a field marshal.

Vicar and Workman. The vicar of a colliery district in Leicestershire, England, has just accomplished the remarkable feat of restoring, mainly by als own manual labor, his dilapidated church. Since February, 1901, the vicar has labored as a workman all the week and preached to his people on the Sundays. He has worked at the church almost alone, the only assistance being a few days by one man.

China Not Overcrowded. A recent census of China shows that that country, crowded with "teeming millions," has a population of 103 to the square mile. Beigiam has 220 to the square mile. Great Britain 130, and Germany 101.

along to you in the words of a correspondent who sent them to the Breeders' Gazette:

"Every man sees what is hard in his own life and what is easy in the life of everyone else. This is the reason why there is so much discontent among the human race. The farmer hauling fodder to his cattle through the mud and slush of a thawed field in winter thinks of the lawyer sitting eside a warm fire in his office with his books and clients, and straightway wishes he was a lawyer; or he thinks of the merchant handing out his goods on one side of the counter and taking in his profits on the other, and then he wishes he was a merchant; or he sees the doctor riding by at fifty cents or a dollar for every mile, and then he wishes he was a doctor. Or blackleg breaks out among his calves, the grub tills his sheep, the cholera slays his hogs or his corn withers in the drouth or his wheat rusts in the rain, and he reviles the fate that made him a farm- insistent voice ever disturbs."

So many times I have felt the fol- i er and declares that if he had his life owing ideas that I want to pass them to live over he would be something else-just anything but a farmer. "Now the farmer is not the only

> man who indulges in these grumblings. The farmer does not often wish he was somebody else than somebody else wishes he was a farmer. The lawyer harassed in his office by troublesome cases and fought all day long by opposing counsel, with the smell of musty law books and foul court rooms continually in his nostrils, envies the farmer whistling as he follows his plow and team with the scent of bloom borne to him on every breeze. The merchant tormented by importunate creditors and lauched at by irresponsible debtors sees the farmer salting his fat steers in the pasture across the road and wonders why be was so foolish as to go into the har assing, hazardous business of merchandizing. The doctor roused from much-needed sleep in a cold, stormy winter night thinks how happy must be the farmer, whose slumbers no loud

Sleep and the Weather

"Do you knew I think the connec- 1 to sleep. He will, as a matter of fact, and insomnia is much closer than we slaughterer of rest-insomnia. believe it is," said a thoughtful man to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "and I think I have good reason for the faith that is within me, so far as this matter is concerned. I suffer a great deal on account of sleeplessness and in at least nine instances out of ten the weather is directly responsible for it. If a vioent change in any way whatever is about to take place my system will register the fact with just as much accuracy as the most delicate devices used by the expert weather prognosticators.

"Of course, I do not mean to say that I have a monopoly on this sort of thing. We are all influenced to some extent in one way or another by weather changes. But I was speaking more particularly of the relations between atmospheric condition and insomnia. The connection is direct and unmistakable. Take the man, for instance, who is a chronic sufferer from headache or neuralgia, or any kindred ailment, and you will find that an impending change in the weather will have a tendency to put his nerves on edge, if I may say it. and he will find it extremely difficult nia and the weather."

tion between atmospheric conditions fall into the clutches of tant awful

"I may say that any man whose nerves are particularly sensitive and whose system is delicate enough to respond to slight pressures will be affected in the same way. The ordinary corn is often an agent in begetting insomnia, because it is a sort of barometer and responds quickly to changes in the weather. It would be interesting if some man who is an expert in such matters would trace definitely the relations between in somnia and atmospheric or climatic conditions. Many variations would be found. It would all depend on the temperament of the individual. A great many persons will be found who will sleep heavily if the night becomes suddenly a little cold. Cold in such cases aids sleep. In the cases of other persons a change of this sort will produce wakefulness because the cold will irritate the more sensitive nerves. So I might go on and enumerate a vast variety of ways in which different persons, because of temperamental differences, would be affected by a sudden change in the weather. There can be no sort of question about the connection between insom

Woke Up the Flagman

the Grand Trunk Pacific project for a for Marcus Smith. The surveyors second railroad across the Dominion | were about to demand an explanation of Canada reminded a railroad man the other day of this story of Marcus

Smith:

He made a survey of the route which the new road proposes to follow when the Canadian Pacific was projected. The party under Smith was running lines one sleepy Indian summer day on the headwaters of the Sas-Katchewan river. When he wanted to take a sight of the rear flag he discovered that it was being held in line. All sorts of signals were tried, but the attention of the flagman could not be

Finally Smith jumped into a buckboard and drove back over the line. Presently the others of the party heard half a dozen revolver shots. Then Smith came back alone and with never a word of explanation. Hours passed, but the flagman did

The recent renewal of discussion of, for the men, and one apart from it chief, dangerous as it would have been, when the missing flagman crawled out of the brush and

into the tent. "I went to sleep," he confessed, "and was awakened by a great big paw-like hand cuffing me vigorously. scrambled up and started to run. Marcus came after me. I grabbed a stick when he gained on me and managed to trip him up. Then he started to shoot and I made for the

bush faster than ever." The man was greatly troubled about his future course. His fellows advised me to turn out with the crew in the morning, as though nothing had happened. He remembered the revolver shots and thought it was taking long chances, but finally decided to risk it. The crusty old surveyor did not refer to it in any way, and as the flagman kept awake there not appear. They made camp, a tent | were no more flying shots.

Chivalry Not Yet Dead

A tall, straight young man and a l girl who looked as though she had just stepped out of a love-story illustration in a magazine stood together under the canopy in front of the Reading Terminal after the rain had stopped late Thursday afternoon. They were waiting for a car, he idly watching the crowd pick its way over the wet street, she gazing with a little frown at the muddy crossing.

"Extry poiper! Extry, mister?" shouted a ragamuffin of a newsboy, holding out an early evening edition to the young man.

"No, kid, I guess not," said he, smiling. Then-"Hold on a minute, son: are you too busy right now to stop and earn a quarter?"

"Sure I ain't; what d'ye t'ink I am?" came the answer.

'Well, then, take ten of your papers, quick, spread 'em out from here to the car tracks. Get busy, now!" When the car turned up he turned to

the girl, who hadn't quite comprehend-

ed what this was all about, and, with

a little gesture of his head that was

not at all displeasing, even if it was a bit dramatic, bowed her to the pathway. 'Oh, Dick, you foolish boy!" she ex-But she blushed and smiled as

cloak as she made her way to the car. "Absurd!" said an angular shopper with spectacles. "How lovely!" said a pretty young woman.

"Hully gee!" said the boy.-Phila-

proudly as ever a queen on a Raleigh's

Grave of Samuel Adams

delphia Press.

They knew the patriot rebel's soul,
Who set his grave upon the verge
Of Boston's busy street, where roll
The vans of traffic and the surge
Of hasting footsteps; not for him
A cedar'd churchyard's blank repose,
Nor tomb in some cathedral dim
Where no bird flies nor free wind
blows.

Sam Adams never ark'd to rest;
I cannot think he slumbers here,
But watches with unjaded gest
The stroum rush on and disappear;
He longs to rise and join the strife,
As in the seasons when his breath
Kindled a nation into life;
He scorns the palsying sloth of death.

Had the Client Safe.

A leading London lawyer says that when he was a briefless barrister he went one afternoon to read in the Inner Temple library. He had not been ner Temple library. He had not been there long when his small errand boy brief, who was amused at his capture, appeared, greatly excited and breathless from running. "If you please,

Fain would be hear which faction rules.
What men precede in town and state,
And if we guard out public schools,
And keep our courts inviolate,
He whispers, "We for Freedom fought.
Have you the love of Freedom still?
Has Wealth not pauperis'd your thought,
Nor Power bred a wolfish will?

"You hurry by—what errands call?
Service to heart, or head, or purse?
Shed you a freeman's boon on all.
Or shape a subtler tyrant's curse?
We number'd but a little clan
Beside your million-teeming press.
Yet wrought the general good of Man—
Woe be your meed, if you do less!"
—W. R. Thayer in the Atlantic.

sir," the boy gasped, "a gentleman is waiting for you at the chambers with a brief. He can't get out, sir. I've locked him in." Together the barrister and the boy hurried back to the